EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

BRITAIN'S IRREGULAR RIGHT: C. P. SNOW

THE Nation

MARCH 24, 1956
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Battleground for Peace

by Mark Gayn

Letter From Paris . . *by Gerald Sykes*

Mississippi Rebel on a Texas Campus

by William W. Morris

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Flying Disk Jockeys: An Imaginary War

Centralia, Ill., Feb. 27 (UP)—Allen English, an Oxford, Miss., disk jockey, flew to within thirteen minutes of Chicago today to drop Confederate flags on the city, but was turned back by a snowstorm. Mr. English planned his "raid" in retaliation for a flight sponsored by Al Benson, a Chicago disk jockey, last week. Copies of the Constitution were dropped on Mississippi in that flight.

March 20, 1957

PLANS FOR dumping tons of watermelons from airplanes on Chicago radio transmitters were announced in Oxford, Mississippi, today by the Mississippi Disk Jockey League (MDJL), in retaliation for what a spokesman termed the "increasingly outrageous anti-white propaganda" of Radio Free Mississippi (RFM), a non-profit Chicago station supported by private donations, long known to be a thorn in the side of Mississippi broadcasters. It will be recalled that the present undeclared war between the Mississippi and Chicago disk jockeys was touched off last year when Al Benson, a Chicago jockey, dropped copies of the Constitution on Mississippi.

It was unofficially admitted that the real reason for the drastic measure was the jamming of Mississippi stations by RFM transmitters, recently become so effective that Mississippi jockeys have been virtually silenced for over a week. Use of a directional antenna has permitted MDJL radio engineers to locate the area from which the RFM transmitters are operating—they are somewhere in southern Illinois, just north of the Ohio River.

"If this thing spreads," the Mississippi spokesman said, "it will be entirely the fault of RFM. We here in Mississippi have always considered the jockeys of downstate Illinois as friendly to us, but if they persist in permitting these unscrupulous, pusillanimous sowers of hatred from Chicago to erect anti-Mississippi transmitters, then those downstaters can only expect to be drawn into the conflict."

"Our disk jockeys," the Mississippi spokesman continued, "have each of them completed a thorough course in pilot training; the watermelon bombing will be only a warning, to show the accuracy of our bombadiers." It was commonly acknowledged in Oxford that main targets would be transmitting towers of any and all Chicago stations who employ members of the enemy Chicago Disk Jockey Association (CRJA), main supporter of RFM.

"We'll impale those melons right on the tips of their towers," the spokesman said. Asked as to the danger to humans involved, he said, "Our melons are overripe. They're actually rotten—can't do any harm to people."

In Chicago, meanwhile, officials of RFM dismissed the watermelon threats as "just a lot of talk." They gloated over their success this week in causing the defection of a Mississippi jockey-pilot, Bill "Magnolia" Jones of Chitlin, Mississippi, who flew his Confederate-flag-laden Piper Cub into Midway Airport in response to the $5,000 offer RFM had posted for the first MDJL plane to be landed voluntarily in Chicago. Jones has accepted an announcing position with RFM.

The plane will be put on the "Constitution run," according to officials, who added that loudspeakers may be installed to permit use of the plane in stepping up "Operation Ellington." This offensive has consisted of circling over Negro areas in Mississippi, where it is reported many residents do not tune in RFM for fear of reprisals. The planes use their loudspeakers to play recordings by Duke Ellington, Count Basie, Nat "King" Cole and others who have been banned by Mississippi disk jockeys since the beginning of the conflict. So far retaliatory measures in Mississippi have been limited to little white boys with mirrors who flash them in attempts to blind the Chicago pilots, but observers fear the watermelon threat may portend severer defense measures to come.

Observers elsewhere in the nation saw in the watermelon threat the greatest danger to peace since the "weather balloon" episodes last summer, when Rafe Needle, MDJL president, accused the Chicago jockeys of "outright spying" by sending camera-carrying balloons over Mississippi transmitters. Chicago jockeys replied that, significantly, Needle had never produced a single camera for inspection by neutrals.

Chicago officials had no comment on rumors that at least one RFM jockey had succeeded, by using an assumed Southern accent, in gaining employment on an MDJL station. But a usually reliable Southern source said that an extensive security program is underway in Mississippi to root out and banish all but 100 per cent Mississippians in sensitive disk-jockey positions. Suspects are allegedly being tested on long lists of Southern colloquialisms, and familiarity with Northern customs, personalities and places—especially, of course, Chicago—is reported to be grounds for dismissal.

In New York, radio circles saw little hope for an early peace. Last month mediators from NBC, CBS, ABC and MBS called for a meeting of leaders on each side, but their efforts were met only with mutual accusations of lying and hypocrisy by each camp.

ROY BONGARTZ

[Roy Bongartz, short-story writer, took time out from his current labors at Yaddo, New York, to take this quick glimpse into a crystal ball.]

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EVERY WEEK SINCE 1865

Battleground for Peace . . . by Mark Gayn

THE Twentieth Congress of the Communist Party in Moscow was, in Mikoyan's words, "the most important party congress since Lenin." The fact is that the sessions represented a turning point comparable only to the Fifteenth Congress of 1927 at which Stalin formally took over the party, expelled his foes and put into effect his doctrine of "socialism in one country." This isolationist concept was the product of a series of international defeats culminated by the debacle in China, and of Stalin's conviction that the Soviet Union could—or had to—go it alone. In precisely the same way, the policies expounded at last month's congress represented a new course, dictated by a new set of circumstances. What emerged was a brand-new foreign policy hand-tailored for this day and hour.

In this guest editorial Mark Gayn, distinguished author and foreign correspondent, deals with the international rather than the internal significance of the downgrading of Stalin.

Under Stalin's doctrine, the key words were "capitalist encirclement." It could be argued that they correctly represented the political picture of 1927, or even of 1939. But Stalin held on to his policy long after history made it obsolete. "Capitalist encirclement" was still his cardinal principle when the Cominform was set up in Warsaw in 1947, and even when the hostilities broke out in Korea in 1950. Yet, by this time, "capitalist encirclement" was already a myth. The Communist world stretched from the Brandenburg Gate to the South China Sea, and it was absurd to think of anyone enveloping the great bulk of Eurasia.

The foremost of the factors that helped to shape the new policy (as practiced in the past year and enunciated last month) was the physical growth of the Red world. Mikoyan put it this way:

> The time is gone when the Soviet land of socialism was isolated, when we were an oasis in a capital encirclement. Today, there can be no talk of this. At present, alongside with the system of capitalist states, there is a system of Socialist states. . . . Now the great Western powers can no longer settle any major issues on their own, without considering the opinion of the Soviet Union, China and all the countries of socialism....

Dimitri Shepilov, one of the younger leaders (and engineer of the Egyptian arms deal), supplied the detail:

> Up to World War II, the Socialist system accounted for 17 per cent of the area of the world, about 9 per cent of the population and only 7 per cent of the the world's industrial production. At present, the countries of the Socialist camp cover more than 25 per cent of the area of the globe; include more than 35 per cent of its entire population, and account for about 30 per cent of its industrial output.

As Red acreage expanded, economic power kept pace. A point had been reached where the Soviet Union could compete with the West as an exporter of capital and machinery. Khrushchev estimated Moscow's credits to the People's Democracies at the moment at twenty-one billion rubles (nominally about five billion dollars), and the cost of the 156 industrial undertakings it was supplying to China at an additional 5.6 billion rubles. Nor was this all. The Communist bloc was now in a position to make economic aid one of its most potent weapons in the struggle for the "uncommitted" countries of Asia. These, Khrushchev has said, "no longer have to go to their former oppressors hat-in-hand to seek modern equipment. They can now get it in the Socialist countries, with no political or military strings attached."

The second major factor in the shaping of the new policy was Moscow's success in making new friends. In the odd image created at the congress, the world was made to look like a layer cake, with the Communist bloc forming the cream on top. Right beneath it came "fraternal" Yugoslavia, and then the neutral nations—some, such as India, described as "our allies in the peace camp," and most others, including Egypt, Syria, Afghanistan and Indonesia, pictured as close friends. Still lower came the neutrals, such as Finland, Austria and Sweden, and finally the hostile world, from Iran and Pakistan to the United States. Khrushchev himself called the top three layers "the peace zone" whose 1,500,000,000 people were joined in opposition to the "warmongers."

The third factor was Moscow's obvious feeling that the Red bloc has finally achieved military parity with the West. Mikoyan, for instance, declared that "those great capitalist monopolies" in the United States "which wouldn't mind starting a war" are deterred by the knowledge that "not only the Americans but the Soviet Union as well has the atom and the hydrogen bombs, and the means of delivering them to any part of the globe in aircraft or rockets."

The final major premise in the shaping of the new policy maintained that while the Communist world was

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now strong enough to shed its old fears, the capitalist world was facing serious trouble. The crumbling of the colonial empires had hurt some of the Western powers badly. As the remaining markets shrink, the struggle for them grows. The Germans and the Japanese are pushing the British and the French out of the pastures they took over after the war; the Americans are displacing the French in Indo-China and the British in the Middle East.

Since the war, the Moscow thesis went on, the capitalist economies had been supported by temporary stimulants, such as the military expenditures. But the point had now been reached when the effect of the drug was running out. Khrushchev argued that the United States had already experienced these recessions since the war, and last year, "according to official figures," 12,000,000 Americans were wholly or partly out of work. There had been "a relative shrinking" of the domestic market in some Western countries, a wheat glut, a piling up of inventories, soaring consumer credit, inflation. In one sentence, the West was headed for a great, stunning, painful crash.

WHAT then is the shape of the new Soviet foreign policy as it was outlined at the Kremlin's Great Palace? To use the familiar American terminology, Stalin's heirs have abandoned his isolationism and have assumed "a position of strength." If there was one dominant note at the congress it was that of confidence—in the great and growing size of the Red bloc, in its economic and military strength. In some of their more fiery passages, Mikoyan and Marshal Georgii Zhukov sounded oddly like John Foster Dulles in his "massive retaliation" moments.

The word with the thickest calluses on it, however, was "peace." For there can be no doubt of Moscow's conviction that time is its ally; that without war the Communist bloc can only prosper and the Western world can only decay; that the best common denominator for the people of the world is not communism, nor free enterprise, but peace; that the side which can appear as a champion of peace can win over the "uncommitted," or even the hesitant, nations of Asia and Europe; and that every effort must be made to persuade the world that Communist revolutions need not be violent and war between the two rival worlds need not be inevitable.

The great goal of the new policy, thus, is peace, at whatever cost in dogma, pride, cash or material sacrifices at home. If Social Democrats have been reviled for thirty years, now an olive branch is offered to them, along with a plea "to unite for peace." The Communist parties in the West are told quite bluntly to work no longer in a defiant isolation but through parliamentary channels and within a "united front." If special care is to be taken to woo the heart of the strategically-placed Yugoslavia, energetic efforts are also to be made to dangle trade opportunities before Turkey and West Germany, or to persuade France that Russia is its ally, America its rival and Germany its foe. The biggest and the costliest effort of all, however, is to be exerted in in the "uncommitted" countries of Asia—even if extending aid there means tightening the belt somewhere within the Red world itself. Parallel to this, and still in the interests of peace, every device is to be employed to increase the strains within the Western bloc (as by the sale of arms to Israel's neighbors), and to estrange, or even isolate, the United States from its Western allies. The formal objectives of the new foreign policy are defined as disarmament and collective-security pacts in Asia and Europe. But, for the sake of relieving tensions, Moscow is ready to settle for far less. If total disarmament, for instance, cannot be arranged now, the Russians say, why not just agree to halt the tests of nuclear weapons and bar the use of atomic arms on German soil?

THE reappraisal in Moscow has made a similar reassessment mandatory in the West. The Russians have had to formulate a new policy because the shape of the world had changed. But it had also changed for the United States, Britain and France. Dean Acheson's doctrine of "containment" was outdated in 1948 by the enormity of the Red land mass. Mr. Dulles' "massive retaliation"—which never made much sense in application to local wars or to relatively minor Asian revolutions—was invalidated by the progress in weapons both in the West and in Russia. If pressed to its logical conclusion, this concept could only lead to the annihilation of the world, including Mr. Dulles' own. In fact, the entire Western strategy of the past decade lost its point the day Stalin died, for it was in the first place formulated to counter his moves. The sad little pacts that the Western statesmen are now slapping together all over the map of Asia are also a throwback to the Stalin era; today, they have almost no political excuse and even less military justification.

For the West, the great problem in Asia, and even in portions of Europe, is presented not by possible Soviet or Chinese military moves, but by the profound social, economic and military turmoil which the Communists can exploit. This historic challenge cannot be met by military force, by threats of atomic retaliation, by SEATO's or by the activities of various oddly-named and reticent American organizations. One of the answers, obviously, is economic aid; a sort of a Marshall Plan II, but more subtly conceived, more intelligently administered and, if possible, as richly financed.

A new policy for the West must be shaped to cope with the realities of the new world—in which perhaps a third of the population lives under the Red flag, and perhaps a half has little affection for the Western man and his nuclear punch. No magazine editorial, of course, can venture to outline such a policy; all it can do is to suggest some of the concepts that should be considered. It is plain, for instance, that in the face of Soviet military power the West can no longer make a retaliatory or a punitive war the rock-bottom of its

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foreign policy. It is also clear that—unless it wishes to identify itself further with war in the minds of the "uncommitted" millions—it must halt the present constant and exuberant talk of military preparedness.

The policy-makers should consider whether the West, if it does not fight the Red world, should not learn to live with it. They must also recognize what Moscow has long known—that the real political battlefield today stretches from Casablanca to Saigon, and that the weapons to be employed in this contest must, above all, be economic and psychological. If the West allows the current ferment in this enormous area to go on much longer, the chances are it will wake up one morning face to face with a wholly Red Asia. The Big Three must study anew the reasons why such great nations as India, Burma and Indonesia are not among the friends, and Washington, at least, must reconsider its policy of ignoring and sometimes snubbing them.

The Big Three should also take another good look at their Asiatic allies, and re-examine their usefulness, their progress and the type of aid they should be given. Does Thailand, for instance, need more paratroopers, paramilitary police and cannon, or would it resist communism more effectively with a genuine land reform, more schools and clinics, markets for its glut of rice, a measure of democracy and an honest government? Washington must urgently revise its entire propaganda program, bringing it down from Madison Avenue to the dusty level of an Indian or an Egyptian village, or, if you please, to the earthy level to which Khrushchev and Bulganin brought it in their Asiatic journeys. That such a new look is urgently needed has been shown by some of the foolishness heard in Washington and elsewhere since the Kremlin congress last month. For it is as silly to argue that nothing has changed in Moscow as it is to insist that the new Soviet policy represents an admission of Communist weakness and Western strength.

Such a reassessment need not necessarily be pessimistic. If Washington has blundered awesomely, so, the Soviet leaders now admit, has Moscow. If the Soviet gun-running in the Middle East has been tragically effective, it has also borne with it seeds of trouble for the Communists themselves, for Moscow has now associated itself—in fact, and in men's minds—with a military junta in Egypt,a semi-feudal government in Spain, and a primordial regime in slave-trading, oil-soaked Saudi Arabia. But the fact remains that the new Soviet policy presents a historic challenge which the West must reassess its own policies to meet. In the past fortnight, at least three European statesmen have called for such a reappraisal and have voiced doubt of American leadership. If President Eisenhower and Mr. Dulles do not take the lead in reviewing the foreign policy of the United States, and of the West, the creative leadership of the free world might easily slip out of their hands by default. For the hour is late, the need is urgent and delay is fatal.

New Hampshire Prologue . . *by Noel E. Parmentel, Jr.*

Laconia, New Hampshire

AS IN 1952, New Hampshire's "first in the nation" primary provided a pair of surprises: the shoo-in victory of Estes Kefauver over Adlai Stevenson and the phenomenal showing of Richard Nixon, who garnered 23,000 write-in votes for Vice-President. The vote was light. These developments indicated that political prophets would have to go through an agonizing reappraisal. And the Granite State maintained its reputation of being if not bellwether, at least Cassandra.

Factionalism dominates this small and traditionally Republican state. There are the liberal (Eisenhower) Republicans and the old-line (Taft, now Bridges, née McKinley) Republicans. The "left-wingers" are headed by Presidential assistant Sherman Adams, former governor; the old-line group claims as its mentor Senator Styles Bridges. After the President's decision to run there was an ostentatious show of harmony. The plain, unvarnished truth, however, is that Bridges has no love for Adams and vice virtue, as a dairy farmer up here was heard to say.

The Democrats' main strength lies in the urban industrial workers and the French Canadians. Senator Kefauver made his chief appeal to these groups, insofar as economic issues played a part in his campaign. He stressed his vote against Taft-Hartley, discussed the plight of the farmer, deplored Big Business and Giveaways and decried the shape and direction of our foreign policy.

Kefauver blamed New Hampshire's unemployment on the Administration. Political observers did not miss the irony of this. New Hampshire has lost some of its industry to Southern states who promise, openly, tax write-offs and, covertly, cheap labor. Among the beneficiaries has been the state of Tennessee. And none has been louder in his hosannas of welcome to this new industry than that state's senior Senator. In spite of this he seems to be the man New Hampshire Democrats like.

His real strength lay in his method of campaigning. While he is more dignified now than in 1952 (he eschewed his coonskin cap), he is still downright folksy. He visited every part of the state, shook every hand in sight, kissed babies, exchanged pleasantries and complimented ladies on their looks and cooking. His charming wife, Nancy, captivated the ladies tea and church-supper set. He needed an impressive win in New Hampshire to stay in the running. He won going away. His success once again showed that American voters, despite television, like to see and hear their candidates in the flesh. Earl Long was recently elected Governor of Louisiana by a

NOEL E. PARMENTEL, JR., an observer of the American political scene, is currently working on a book about the Long family in Louisiana politics.

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landslide vote after utterly disdaining the medium and stumping the state. Happy Chandler's victory in Kentucky was largely *sans* TV. These instances may serve to plant the seed of doubt in the minds of Republican sachems, some of whom have felt that the President could run successfully merely by standing in front of a camera.

Stevenson had little to lose but he lost it. He did not officially enter the primary, did not give his blessing to the slate entered on his behalf and did not visit the state. If he had taken as many as four of the delegates, his supporters could have claimed victory. He did accumulate about 4,000 write-in votes, but his slate of delegates, including some supposed powers in the state, was swamped. It was an unexpectedly poor showing.

On the Republican side it was all Eisenhower, Peace and Prosperity, although this state is no cornucopia. The big news, of course, was the unprecedented number of write-ins for Vice-President Nixon. This spontaneous demonstration of popular support was obviously a reaction to reports that he was to be dropped from the ticket.

IT WAS rumored here that there was a deal on to ditch Nixon and replace him with Massachusetts Governor Christian Herter. Implicated, according to the rumor, were former New York Governor Dewey and the omnipotent Sherman Adams. If Herter had scored a write-in victory, that would have ended things for Nixon—Checkers, St. Patrick's Day and the Respectable Republican Cloth Coat notwithstanding. But the boy wonder of American politics again demonstrated, conclusively, his amazing knack of turning adversity to advantage. There is no doubt that many New Hampshire voters thought he was being picked on. There was considerable opinion that the party, if not the President, was being publicly ungrateful for his considerable partisan services. In addition there was Governor Lane Dwinell, a strong Nixon supporter.

The Nixon write-ins seem to have stirred the President from his watch-and-wait policy. He told his press conference last week that he would be delighted to have the Vice-President as a running mate again.

Other conclusions to be drawn from this important primary: Contrary to expectations, Senator Kefauver may give Adlai Stevenson a real run for his money. A strong showing by Kefauver in this week's Minnesota primary, plus Kefauver victories in either California or Florida, might seal Mr. Stevenson's political doom. It also looks as though liberals and segments of the Eastern press have again succeeded in making a martyr out of Richard Milhous Nixon. There is just the bare, unpalatable possibility that this Epworth League Machiavelli may turn out in 1956, as he did in 1952, to be a definite asset to the Republican ticket.

MISSISSIPPI REBEL

On a Texas Campus . . . *by William W. Morris*

Austin, Texas

THE CURRENT controversy between my newspaper, the *Daily Texan*, and the University of Texas Board of Regents goes much deeper than one might believe. This newspaper has always been one of the nation's finest college dailies; its editorial prerogative has always been something to be admired; and in times of stress for the university it has risen to heights that would do credit to the mature profession. The controversy transcends the locale. It represents a typical intrusion of state politics into education. It underscores the coercion exercised by economic interests whose endeavors to mold conformity and stifle dissent are rather prominent in our country today. And it calls attention to one of the less noble of our American traditions: the tradition of a "kept" college press, badgered by state legislatures, college administrators and students themselves, and all but ignored by professional journalism.

About the Author

The fight for press freedom waged by William W. Morris, editor of the Daily Texan, campus daily of the University of Texas, has been front-page news for weeks. Mr. Morris is one of the university's outstanding students, a Phi Beta Kappa and winner of a Rhodes Scholarship (he goes to Oxford in October). He is also a Southerner born and bred. He writes: "I spent the first seventeen years of my life in Yazoo City, Mississippi, ninety miles south of Hodding Carter's Greenville, 120 miles south of William Faulkner's Oxford and forty miles north of Eudora Welty's Jackson."

It was six weeks ago that the university regents, appointees of Governor Allan Shivers, announced they were tightening up on *Daily Texan* editorial policy. Obviously they had been highly disturbed by certain aspects of the *Texan's* categorical defense of student press freedom and its editorial comments on "controversial" state and national issues. The *Texan* had gone on record against the Shivers administration. It had deplored scandals which had rocked Texas in past months. It had asked that the state's oil and gas interests pay more taxes. It had sought intelligence, good will and enlightened gradualism in the university's desegregation problem, and had lauded Texans for their moderate but tolerant approach to integration. It had stood firmly against the Harris-Fulbright natural-gas bill, one of the few Texas papers to do so. In short, it had committed the crime of being vigorous and out-

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spoken, naively idealistic and exuberantly but not radically liberal in a predominantly conservative state.

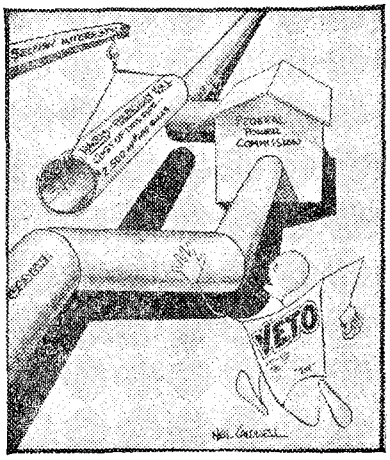
Many times previously members of the board of regents had shown their disapproval of the paper's policies. Prior to the executive session in which they unanimously drafted the censorship edict, they advertised—perhaps far more than they intended—their political and economic allegiances. At an official meeting with student body representatives, they angered some of the campus' outstanding young leaders, including the student president and vice-president, by asserting that the *Daily Texan* should not discuss controversial state and national topics, by announcing that college students were not interested in such topics, by saying that the *Texan* had gone far astray in criticizing the Harris-Fulbright bill and by accusing the editor of being a "mouthpiece," supposedly for Texas liberals.

Describing their censorship edict as based on legal considerations rather than principle, they cited the rider on state appropriation bills, which says no state money "shall be used for influencing the outcome of any election, or the passage or defeat of any legislative measure." Advancing a step further, they announced that "editorial preoccupation with state and national political controversy" would also be prohibited.

The edict was promptly tested. Two highly critical editorials outlining the implications of the order were submitted to the editorial director and the acting dean of the School of Journalism, the regents' delegated representatives. A guest editorial from the New York *Times* attacking the Harris-Fulbright bill was also submitted, as were several paragraphs by Thomas Jefferson on press freedom, written under the guise of a personal column. All were rejected. The editor then called a meeting of the student-dominated Texas Student Publications board of directors, quasi-publishers of the *Daily Texan*. The students approved the editorials, and they were printed in the next day's paper. The controversy was underway.

IN THE days that followed, the *Texan* editorialized vehemently against the move to suppress. The student body, for the most part, was sympathetic. Roland Dahlin, the

Cartoons like this got the Daily Texan in trouble



Whoa!

student president and an advocate of campus press freedom, helped organize the resistance. He authorized a brilliant young law student, William Wright, to represent the students legally. Wright, conferring with some of Texas' most respected attorneys and legal scholars, refuted the applicability of the appropriations rider by pointing up the *Texan's* financial independence (its funds are derived from two sources: student activity fees and advertising). He said the regents' interpretation of the rider had "terrifying implications" and reasoned it could be used just as logically, or illogically, to stifle legitimate comment among students, faculty and quasi-independent corporations housed on the campus: the Ex-Students' Association, the Texas Law Review and others.

The student legislature by a 25 to 1 vote, passed a free-press resolution. Later the Texas Intercollegiate Students' Association, representing most of the state's colleges and universities, approved a similar resolution. Campus organizations, including the Young Democrats and the Young Republicans, lined up with the *Texan*. On the other hand, the faculty—publicly at least—kept silent.

Certain regents fought back. Claude Voyles, a ranchman and oil operator, told the Austin *American*, "We feel the *Daily Texan* has gone out of bounds in discussing the Harris-Fulbright bill when 66 per cent of Texas money comes from oil and gas." He also said, "We are just trying to hold [the editor] to a college yell."

J. Frank Dobie, the Texas historian and folklorist, attacked the regents: "They are as much concerned with free intellectual enterprise as a razorback sow would be with Keats's 'Ode to a Grecian Urn.'" The *Texas Observer*, a courageous liberal weekly edited by former *Texan* editor and Oxford-educated Ronnie Dugger, forged a major editorial campaign in our behalf. The New York *Post*, the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, the Denver *Post*, the Raleigh *News and Observer* and the Fort Worth *Star-Telegram* editorialized favorably. But the Dallas *News*, Texas' most articulate newspaper, criticized the *Texan's* stand, as did the magazine *Editor and Publisher*. Some twenty-five college papers sided with us, two were critical. The staff of the *Texan* (Managing Editor Carl Burgen wrote, "I stand with the editor") resisted censorship; many said they would walk out if the editors were fired.

AT THE moment the situation is quiescent. President Logan Wilson, a capable administrator caught in the crossfire, has shuttled the issue off to the Texas Student Publications board, which recently upheld the *Daily Texan's* right to discuss state and national issues. A more substantial "reclarification" of *Daily Texan* editorial freedoms will be prepared for the regents' consideration at their April meeting. At the moment the intentions of the board are rather dubious. There are only three journalism professors on the eleven-member body, and they are caught in the same crosscurrent. If the board does believe in student press freedom, and I am certain its members do, they nonetheless are beginning to look with much disfavor upon the individual prerogatives of an editor. There seems to be a trend toward a collectivism in thought and policy, in which the editors may be stripped of their rights on controversial topics and the board itself will frequently edit, subdue or censor. Up until now the board has officially possessed that power, but has never used it. I fear strongly that the individualism of future editors (they are elected yearly by popular vote of the student body) may be the price paid for our defiance of the regents. As the North Carolina *Daily Tar Heel*, one of the few free college papers, has editorialized:

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"The *Daily Texan* summoned its legal and philosophical resources and claimed uneasy victory over the regents. . . . But it was a Pyrrhic victory, almost." If the victory is Pyrrhic, it is still victory. The *Texan* is still a student newspaper, and free conscience at this university has at least won for itself a stay of execution.

THE *Texan* case is nothing new to college journalism. Today the trend on American campuses is toward absolute censorship of college papers. This seems particularly true in state universities, where the power of the legislative purse string can be used to silence legitimate comment. The preponderance of censored college papers is an affront to the dignity of the nation. The "kept" ones pour into our office from all corner of the land, speaking their shameful, tongueless idiom. They hide their shame by imploring students to turn over a new leaf at the start of a semester, give blood to a blood drive, support the football team, use their leisure more wisely, collect wood for a bonfire. They are by all rights dead, victims of an educational hypocrisy worse than treason, and their meaningless editorials tear young men's guts with a frustration they cannot express.

Such seems to be the temper of the times. The First Amendment, of course, does not apply to college journalism. Institutional governing boards are autonomous, as the recent Lucy expulsion at the University of Alabama illustrates. These boards are hypersensitive to criticism from state politicians and moneyed interests. To appease legislatures, the easiest way is to suppress. Ergo, censorship; and ergo the relative few campus voices that still speak bravely. These are centered in the Ivy League, where the absolute freedom of papers like the *Harvard Crimson* and the *Cornell Sun* is taken for granted.

The current plight of college journalism can, in turn, be integrated into an even broader whole. Throughout the land, the threat to constitutional liberties is greater than ever, simply because conformity has never been so completely sanctioned economically, legally and morally. Most American educational institutions seem to have surrendered to these official and unofficial pressures. I have lived with this stifling conformity on my own campus, and I have been frightened by it. The desire here to side with the majority has never been more manifest. One sees it everywhere: in the classroom, the coffee session, the committee meeting, the Greek lodge. The great goal at my university today is an easy and profitable job, two cars, a pretty wife, three children (two boys and a girl), two weeks' vacation with pay, and a 21-inch-plus TV with at least six snow-free channels. As a consequence we are turning out accomplished nonentities, faultless and safe and more than able to please the corporation or the boss; but we are failing to turn out individuals competent and willing to test new ideas and sometimes criticize old ones. Yet it was such as these who made America.

MY generation has been labeled the "silent" one, which indeed I think it is. But the generation which came before us was the lost one, until it found itself; unhappily it too has suddenly become quite silent. I am rather ashamed of our silence, and sometimes I regret we have never been lost, because we are so smugly certain of our crass goals.

A silent press is the manifestation of a silent age, and I have no other honest choice than to set the newspaper that is briefly mine against the tenuous fabric of national, institutional and personal conformity. The sporadic reactions, as seen in my fellow students' defense of press freedom, provide a foundation of hope. I believe that on the campuses of our universities and colleges, traditional guardians of our basic liberties, must be found the solution to the dilemma that faces the American man as he moves closer and closer toward collective security and farther from individual responsibility to himself, his nation and his God.

JAMMING THE AIRWAYS

Britain on the Spot . . *by Saul Carson*

United Nations, N. Y.

IF THE GREEKS and Cypriotes were angry last week when Great Britain announced it would resort to "experimental" jamming to drown out the "dreadful effects" of Radio Athens broadcasts beamed to Cyprus, hackles also arose elsewhere. Washington, long the champion of anti-jamming resolutions, must have squirmed. Those Russians who have recently rediscovered their sense of humor must have doubled up with laughter. British spokesmen who so often condemned Russia's "considered interference with radio signals" in debates and talkfests here must have been looking for holes to crawl into. And U. N. correspondents were absolutely incredulous as they refreshed their memories, by reference to U. N. archives, to Britain's past pious characterization of jamming as a "flagrant violation of the principles of freedom of information."

Jamming is the broadcast of noises for the purpose of drowning out other broadcasts. When the Nazis invaded Albania in 1939, the Albanians transmitted over their radio stations frantic appeals for help. But these calls never got through because Goebbels, Hitler's propaganda minister, had anticipated such an international SOS. He had arranged for a large number of radio transmitters to blanket Albania's cries, feeding into his transmitters such sounds as

SAUL CARSON, veteran U. N. correspondent, has written extensively for and about radio.

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New Statesman and Nation (London)

"Of course I'll be as successful here as I was in Suez."

the whirring of electric motors, recordings of fierce wind storms and transcriptions of the screaming of sea gulls. The device worked. Jamming was a proved technique.

In the pink twilight of war's aftermath, when the International Telecommunication Union convened at Atlantic City in 1947, all of the representatives looked with horror at radio jamming. Solemnly they declared:

> All [radio] stations, whatever their purpose, must be established and operated in such a manner as not to result in harmful interference to the radio service or communications of other members or associate members.

Among the members who voted for the resolution were the Soviet Union, the United States, Great Britain—and Greece, whose radio is now being threatened with jamming by another member of the I. T. U.

A little over a year later, in 1948, the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, adopted by the General Assembly in Paris, declared that "everyone has the right to freedom of opinion and expression." The Economic and Social Council of the U. N. interpreted that right as one including "freedom to hold opinions without interference and to seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media and regardless of frontiers."

It was no time at all before the Soviet Union began disregarding the resolution which it had approved at Atlantic City. Dissatisfied with what the Russian people might have heard—had they possessed short-wave radios and tuned in on broadcasts transmitted over the Voice of America and BBC—the Soviet Union began to jam these foreign Russian-language programs. Edith Sampson, U. S. delegate, addressing the U. N. Social, Humanitarian and Cultural Committee in 1950, said that "radio engineers who had studied the problem estimated that more than a thousand jammers" were being used then by the USSR. That network of jammers, she declared, was "more elaborate and more costly than the entire international broadcasting service of the United States."

Washington and London protested against the Russian jamming at every opportunity—and, at the same time, took certain counter-measures. Some of these counter-jamming techniques are, even now, "classified" governmental secrets—although there is little doubt that the Russians know the gimmicks used. One obvious—and frequently publicized—measure is to transmit propaganda aimed at the Russians from stations as near the Soviet borders as possible, using perhaps 150,000 or even 250,000 watts of power (for comparison, the highest power permitted any American commercial radio broadcaster is 50,000). Another device for fighting the jammers is called "cuddling." Under this system, the station expecting to be jammed broadcasts on a frequency close to the wave length used by one of the big Soviet transmitters; the Russians, then, don't dare blanket the "offender" for fear of drowning out their own voice.

The late Andrei Vyshinsky called America's and Britain's Russian-language broadcasts "nonsense and trash." And he found ingenious reasoning for his country's jamming. Moscow, implied Mr. Vyshinsky, jammed the foreign radio broadcasters for their own protection, lest the Russian people, pained by "lies and slander . . . rise up in anger." Logic, as well as the principles endorsed by Russia in Atlantic City in 1947, seemed all on the side of the West. So were the U. N. voting majorities in the Economic and Social Council and the General Assembly, where Russia's negative ballots could not amount to vetoes.

In August, 1950, ECOSOC adopted a resolution noting that "duly authorized radio operating agencies in some countries are deliberately interfering with the reception by the people of those countries of certain radio signals originating beyond their territories." It continued:

> The council declares this type of interference to be a violation of the accepted principles of freedom of information; condemns all measures of this nature as a denial of the right of all persons to be fully informed concerning news, opinions and ideas regardless of frontiers.

Mrs. Sampson pushed this resolution before the General Assembly the following autumn. She pointed out, among other things, that jamming was a technique perfected during the war by the Nazis, the Fascists and the Japanese enemy to keep their people from learning of Allied, including Soviet, victories. She drew a chuckle when she told how, one day, the zealous Soviet jammers drowned out a Russian-language broadcast coming over Voice of America without realizing that they were blanketing their own Yaacov

Ides of March

(44 B. C.—A. D. 1956)

From out my tomb of twenty centuries,
Excuse me if I blow a braggart horn
And tell you that I look with prideful scorn
Upon your arms, your states, your luxuries.
Was I not free to spend the treasuries
Of Rome? Did not my tyranny adorn
The world? Had not to Hell my legions borne
More hordes than I in death had injuries?

And I've a mind, besides, to be amused,
How little all has changed since Caesar died,
Comparing wealth and senates as you will;
For though I see that laws have multiplied,
Morality is equally abused,
And fear and wars and bribery with you still.

JOHN O'KEARNEY

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Malik, whose voice was being fed into the American transmitters directly from the U. N. Security Council.

But Mrs. Sampson was not out for laughs; her address was stern, well-documented and based solidly on profound principle. She left irony and sarcasm to her British colleague, Lord MacDonald of Gwaenysgar, K. C. M. G. His words fairly cut the Lake Success air when he argued against jamming. He did not blame Russian listeners who might "object to the character of the broadcaster." "Who," he asked, "wants to listen to an objectionable broadcaster? . . . All that was needed was to cut off the electric current." And fortunately, he added, all radio sets were equipped with switches for the purpose. So, "why prevent the people from hearing lying statements made —statements which they, from their own experience, know are lying?" Was radio being employed as part of psychological warfare? The British government knew "nothing of such a psychological war." Its radio broadcasts merely tried to make the truth "about events in various countries known to the people of the Soviet Union."

Of course the anti-jamming resolution passed. And the British came back to the subject in the U. N. at every opportunity. Ivor Pink told the Russians in 1953 that they could help "lift the iron curtain" by stopping radio interference. C. A. G. Meade took up the cudgels again in 1954. Britain's position against radio jamming was clear.

Britain could point to its record. Not only had it never jammed the Soviet radio; during World War II it had not even tried to drown out the voice of the infamous "Lord Haw Haw" who was spewing the Nazi line into the ears of British listeners night after night.

For the British government, then, to turn about and resort to jamming seemed incredible. Yet the first announcement that preparations to drown out Radio Athens broadcasts beamed to Cyprus was made in Commons by the Colonial Secretary himself, Alan Lennox-Boyd. Labor members rose to denounce the jamming plans as "ill considered . . . ineffective . . . humiliating." Perhaps that is why, two weeks after Lennox-Boyd's announcement, Britain took pains to issue a prompt denial when the New York *Times* printed a story from Nicosia asserting that jamming of Radio Athens had been put into practice. But the jamming order stands, and was implemented on an "experimental" basis a fortnight ago as the British expelled Archbishop Makarios and violence swept Cyprus.

Evidently neither Lennox-Boyd nor Field Marshal Sir John Harding, Governor of Cyprus, know that it was Britain which introduced an amendment here in 1954 to an earlier agreement on international broadcasting. The amendment, which was adopted—again in spite of Soviet opposition—provided that "each high contracting party shall not interfere with the reception in its territories of foreign broadcasts."

"But the British have no time to read the minutes," said an angry Greek correspondent. "When anti-colonialism rumbles, they must play the game by ear only."

GENEVA STALEMATE

The Issues at Stake . . *by J. A. del Vayo*

Geneva

THE SINO-AMERICAN talks here are now in their eighth month and have apparently degenerated into a stalemate for which each side blames the other. The talks started last August under favorable auspices. At the outset, Mr. Wang was able to announce the release of eleven American airmen whose detention in China had aroused considerable indignation in the United States. For their part, the Americans quickly agreed to the Chinese request that the talks not be limited to the repatriation of civilians from both sides but should also include "other practical matters at issue" between the two countries. An agreement to exchange civilian detainees was reached by September 10, and although Ambassador Johnson still occasionally asks about thirteen Americans who have not yet been returned by China, it is generally agreed that the real difficulty does not lie here. Rather it lies in the "other practical matters" at issue: Formosa, the American trade embargo of the Chinese mainland and Peking's admission to the U. N.

Fundamentally it is the mutual distrust characteristic of all East-West diplomatic encounters which is keeping the Ambassadors here. The Americans see the great "humanitarian" declarations of Mao Tse-tung as a facade for Communist expansionism in Asia; they interpret Peking's rejection of Washington's proposal for a "renunciation of violence" as a tactical trick designed to keep Red China's hands free for "liberating" Formosa—by force if necessary. The primary responsibility for the deterioration of Sino-American relations is Peking's, in the United States view, because of the Chinese Communist refusal to accept, in January of 1950, the Korean cease-fire suggested at the time by the U. N.

PART of Peking's distrust of the United States arises from its memory of an era of Western imperialism in Asia which the Chinese believe is far from closed. Their reading of contemporary events does not serve to allay their suspicions. They were unfavorably impressed, for instance, by American press reports that President Eisenhower, during the recent visit to Washington of Prime Minister Eden, assured the British that he was just as adamant as Secretary Dulles in opposition to Peking's admission to the U. N. They have been reading, moreover, of the visit of

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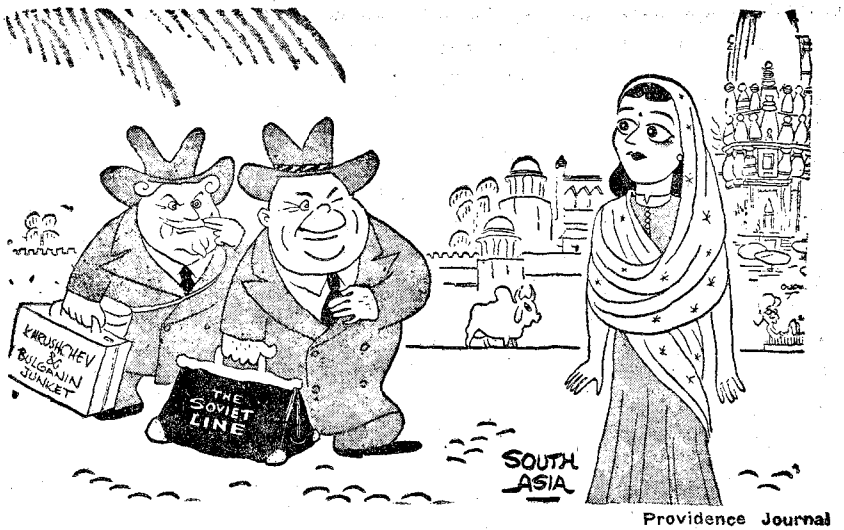
various high-ranking American officials to Formosa, and take due note of such items in the American press as the Alsops' column in the New York *Herald Tribune* of February 8 (Paris edition):

> Chiang Kai-shek himself has obviously become convinced that the United States will have no choice but to support him if serious fighting over the islands begins. Especially in the last week or so, Chiang's forces have become increasingly aggressive. They have been shelling the mainland opposite the islands. They have been patrolling the main estuary, which is a bit like a hostile force patrolling Chesapeake Bay.

One can assume that Mr. Wang raised the question of U. S. support of possible aggressive action by Chiang Kai-shek. What Mr. Johnson replied can also be guessed: "Accept the American formula for 'renunciation of aggression' and you will no longer have to worry about an attack from Formosa." But this is not easy for the Peking regime to do; it is already on record with its people that "Formosa is Chinese" and must be liberated—by peaceful means if possible, by war if necessary. True, Peking spokesmen recently have been emphasizing negotiation rather than force. But it is one thing for the Chinese to try to avoid war over Formosa, and quite another for them to accept a formula which, in their opinion, would trap them into a renunciation of their rights of self-defense as well as into indirect recognition of the American pact with Chiang signed in Washington on December 2, 1954.

This pact is a greater obstacle to a U. S.-Chinese rapprochment than most people realize. True, Article 5 of the treaty provides that Congress must approve American military intervention. But the Chinese recall that President Truman acted first, and asked Congressional approval second, at the outset of the Korean War. And they give weight—merited or not—to the words of Chiang's Vice Foreign Minister, Sen Chang-huan, who told the Formosan legislature that the President could take direct action "without Congressional approval" by virtue of the principle of self-defense.

In the course of the current conference here, Mr. Wang has repeatedly urged a meeting on ministerial level as a possible approach to the Formosa deadlock. The American reply is that two conditions must first be fulfilled: Peking must complete the liberation of American civilians; the conference must *follow*, not *precede*, mutual agreement to renounce force, particularly in regard to Formosa. Thus the vicious circle in which most East-West talks get trapped.



Providence Journal

It seems that there were a couple of traveling salesmen . . .

Both Washington and Peking seem to be assuming that time is on their side. For China, U. N. membership is no pressing matter; and as for Formosa, the longer the talks go on, the older grows Chiang's army. The Americans believe that the Chinese are intent on an aggression plan encompassing Formosa as the center and Korea and Indo-China as the flanks. The Chinese can do nothing on the flanks, Washington is convinced, so long as the center is vulnerable. So Washington is in no hurry to come to agreement either on Formosa or on the offshore islands, despite British insistence.

There remains one area where compromise is possible: trade. It had been expected that Sir Anthony, while in Washington, would press the British view that it was unrealistic to ban from China goods which the West was willing to export to the USSR and Eastern Europe. "If Sir Anthony Eden," wrote the London *Daily Express* on the eve of the Prime Minister's departure, "can knock some sense into American policy toward China" his trip would be "worth while." But the impression here is that all he won from Washington was an agreement to disagree about various items on the embargo list. The Americans conceded to the principle of "periodic revision," yet no one expects that they will consent to eliminate more than a few small items.

British nostalgia for the Chinese market has been sharpened by Peking's latest Five Year Plan, which opens possibilities for the export of all kinds of heavy equipment. On January 25, Viscount Klibank raised the question in the House of Lords; the Minister of State for Foreign Affairs replied that "the scope of the China trade controls is under study in consultation with the U. S. authorities." The following day H. Wilson, Laborite and former president of the British Board of Trade, asked in Commons whether the government was aware that "for about three years we have never given a clear answer to the question of the government's attitude with regard to trade with China." He added: "Now, nearly three years after the end of the fighting in Korea, is it not time that this boycott was relaxed?"

THE French share the British view. Recently a Chinese delegation of technicians, touring French factories, made the point that because of trade barriers only 4 per cent of French-Chinese business contracts made in 1953 have ever been executed. A group of French manufacturers and bankers, headed by M. Rochereau, president of the Commission of Economic Affairs of the Council of the Republic, has just returned from a visit to China much impressed with the possibilities of the Chinese market.

In the meantime Peking continues to cement its trade ties with the USSR and Eastern Europe, including

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East Germany. And even West German manufacturers are clamoring for opportunity to re-create an industrial *Drang Nach Osten*. The sixth Soviet Five Year Plan, announced at the Communist Party Congress in Moscow a few weeks ago, significantly provides for the development of the Far East port of Vladivostock and the construction of a new railway running from Alma Ata in Soviet Central Asia to the Chinese border. Under such circumstances, it is observed here, there is no real possibility of isolating China economically; and the closer China is pushed trade-wise into the Soviet orbit, the less effectively can the United States use the trade embargo as an instrument for prying China loose from its position on other issues—the Formosa one, for instance.

From this point of view the Chinese have good reason to exercise patience. They hope that America's "common sense" will overcome its shock at the emergence of a revolutionary new China and new Asia. They believe that a Sino-American rapproachement in the economic field is entirely practical and possible. The realistic Chinese do not exaggerate the immediate possibilities of Sino-American trade. They simply point out that China is a country of 600,000,000 people whose per-capita purchasing power is steadily rising, and with that rise goes an increase in the country's ability to buy goods abroad.

Despite the lack of progress in these long months, it would be wrong, I believe, to condemn this conference as useless. For one thing, it may be laying the groundwork for a new big-power conference which many Europeans consider inevitable after the American elections. For another, the position of both countries has been revealed in stark terms: the Americans are trying to soften China on Formosa, the Chinese are trying to soften the Americans on the embargo question. It is only when debate is reduced to the underlying issues that compromise becomes possible. Moreover, both East and West seem committed to painful and prolonged negotiation in preference to war. Observers at Geneva watch the progress of the Sino-American talks with the same patience and hope as the world shows in following the exchange, at higher level, of the Eisenhower-Bulganin letters.

THE IRREGULAR RIGHT

Britain Without Rebels . . . *by C. P. Snow*

London

THE OTHER night I was standing in the bar of a London club and someone mentioned a book about the Spanish Civil War. The club happens to be one for professional men, in particular for writers: most of those in the bar that night had been friends or acquaintances of mine for a long time. As we talked, I was thinking what we had been doing politically twenty years ago. Without exception—there were half a dozen men present, all between forty and fifty—we had been passionately on the Left in that war. One had fought in the anti-Francco armies; the rest had worked on committees, lobbied M. P.'s, marched in what used to be called "Demo's"—all of us totally committed.

Now, twenty years after, there was a change. It was not so much that they had denied their past; they believed they had been right, and in the same circumstances would have done the same again. But, as it was, in the England of 1956, the dividing line had vanished; there did not seem to be a fighting-point any more. Several of these men had last year voted Conservative for the first time in their lives. Not with enthusiasm, not with the ruthlessness of converts; it did not seem to matter much.

Well, there is nothing surprising in middle-aged men moving to the Right. In itself that is just commonplace and would not be worth mentioning. What is surprising is that my acquaintances are still the last relics of the radical intellectuals. Despite their changes, despite the softening effect of the English official embrace (the most subtle, the least conscience-disturbing, of all the official embraces in the world), these men are still far more radical and opposition-minded than the intellectuals who have grown up after them. In England the middle-aged may have moved to the Right: but the young have started there. At the moment the intelligentsia is less rebellious than it has been for two centuries.

I do not mean anything so trivial as that a large proportion of young intellectuals would now call themselves Tories, though that is true. The major point is that they accept the Establishment and on all fundamental issues feel in their fibres that it is both satisfactory and certain to persist. It is because this state of affairs is so manifest that the concept of the Establishment had to be invented. One has to live in the English air to know by instinct and in detail what the Establishment means—but broadly, it is an agreement, entirely unspoken and very largely unconscious, to preserve substantially the present web of power-relations. It extends at least as much to the cultural and educational status quo as to the political; prominent agencies of the Establishment are both Front Benches, the General Council of the Trade Union Congress, vice-chancellors of universities, anyone engaged in running public (i. e., private) schools, the BBC, the adminis-

C. P. SNOW, noted British novelist and playwright, started out as a scientist. His latest novel, The New Men, *created wide interest: it deals with the paradox of atomic scientists who believe in man's future and who nevertheless are caught up in a scheme for its obliteration.*

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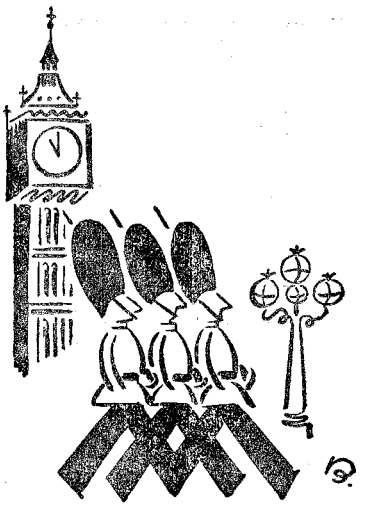
trative class of the civil service, all bodies and persons connected with what, twenty years ago, was *avant garde* art, the entire respectable press.

Like all Establishments, ours reveals itself more clearly in little things than big. You can tell it when, without any prearrangement, it does not argue so much as sing in unison. There was a curious example last year. That old malcontent Richard Aldington—who is not the easiest of men, and has always been an anti-Establishment writer—produced an intemperate and denigratory biography of T. E. Lawrence. Before it was published, any of us could have written the reviews—the moral indignation, the seemly rebukes, the herding-together round the cultural totem against this rude voice from outside. That was the public voice everywhere. The Establishment voice. Yet in private, it is now tacitly assumed that in least 80 per cent of his case, Aldington was right.

ONLY three sizeable groups of intellectuals stand outside the Establishment. The first, and by far the most important in functional terms, are the scientists, or at least a sizeable slice of them: but their curious place in English intellectual life is another subject. Then there is a collection of young literary people, often teachers of English, brought up under the influence of F. R. Leavis, who do not exactly oppose the Establishment so much as passively contract out. In literature they are building up a new school of analytical criticism, at the same time high-spirited, puritanical and disrespectful (they also include at least two creative writers of real talent, Kingsley Amis and Philip Larkin). Culturally they are very far from negligible; but politically they go in for a kind of rough-neck neutralism, mitigated only by outbursts on questions of social manners: for example, the abolition of hanging.

The only genuine anti-Establishment group comes, however, from the irregular Right. Henry Fairlie, the political columnist of *The Spectator* (which used to be the staidest of the Conservative weeklies and has suddenly gone in for a wild eccentric fling) is the most bitter enemy of all the Establishment stands for. So is Malcolm Muggeridge, the anarchical editor of a similarly renovated



Punch. Another enemy is John Raymond, the most brilliant of the young journalists. Yet he, with some ambivalence, and Fairlie and Muggeridge without any ambivalence at all, would claim to be men of the Right. Now I do not believe much in any kind of irregular Right. People starting there are liable to finish at best in the seedier kinds of invitation-hunting, at worst in Maurrasism and its crueller counterparts. Nevertheless, the interesting thing is that men like Raymond possess a generous social feeling; in temperament and outlook they are much more like the left-wing rebels of twenty years ago than any other group of their contemporaries.

It is time someone examined why the Establishment has come to sit so firmly, why the English intellectuals have suddenly become domesticated. I suspect it is the pattern of intellectual behavior in a social democracy, particularly in a social democracy which is getting internally tidier at a time when its external power is, relative to the outside world, going down. From the little I know of Sweden, I believe something not dissimilar happened there earlier in the century.

There are, of course, advantages in a society where the intellectual differences have been damped down: a lot of frictions and fears disappear when there is such a homogeneity of mood. The English society of today is probably more miscellaneously tolerant than any large one has ever been, particularly (not in law but in climate of opinion) in sexual matters. In the autumn debate of Burgess and Maclean, the speeches both of Harold Macmillan and Eden were models of tolerant humanism. There was nothing surprising in that from Macmillan, who is exceptionally intelligent and liberal-minded, a good deal of a sport among Tory politicians. But to hear a Prime Minister speaking in the gentle accents of E M. Forster was something I, for one, never expected to witness.

But what we have gained on those swings we have lost on other roundabouts. Our transition to the welfare state has sometimes been called a peaceful revolution; but in a profound sense it was the reverse of a revolution. It has not loosened the social-power relations, but stiffened them; the forms of society have been rigidifying under our eyes. Any revolution triggers free the energy of an emerging class; in our transition, far from any such energy being released, it has been confined and has only found an outlet in a kind of play, a newly-invented fashion of triviality.

THERE is one example which shows how intellectuals have shifted to the Right and how they are driven to occupy themselves. For months past, one topic of conversation has been springing out all over the place: which speech usages are Upper Class (U) or non-Upper Class (non-U)? You will hear intelligent men from the social origins of Newton and Rutherford and Dickens hurriedly correct themselves after saying "mirror" (which is non-U) and substitute "looking-glass." I have several times recently been asked to "luncheon" by people who have never before used the word in their lives. In the kind of home where I was brought up, no one would have dreamed of talking of anything but a "mantlepiece" but I find acquaintances from identical homes—who ought to know better—proving their social knowledgeableness by bringing into the conversation "chimney-piece" (which, according to the researches of Professor A. S. C. Ross, is most emphatically "U").

It is a joke, but it is not a very good joke. In the twenties and thirties, intellectuals would have had something less ant-like to talk about. There are plenty now, of course, who are getting impatient. We are writing some good books. But I am looking for a cruder sign of returning health. The one I should welcome most is a serious intellectual row.

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The Anatomy of Patriotism

THE LOYAL AND THE DISLOYAL. By Morton Grodzins. The University of Chicago Press. $4.

By Frederick L. Schuman

OUR AGE is rich with instances of Dr. Johnson's definition of patriotism as "the last refuge of a scoundrel." We have more difficulty, despite our reverence for Jefferson and Washington, Patrick Henry and Robert E. Lee, in perceiving that treason is sometimes the last refuge of a patriot. When told that the world is grey, those who are convinced it is black and white see red.

Of eulogies, dissections and denunciations of patriotism and of case studies of traitors and ex-traitors we have had a surfeit. But apart from scattered passages in the writings of Harold D. Lasswell, Sebastian de Grazia, Gabriel Almond, Erich Fromm and David Riesman, plus some shreds and patches of insight in the series of studies of civic training directed a generation ago by the late Charles E. Merriam, no one has grappled with the nature and motives of allegiance and defection as phenomena susceptible of objective scientific inquiry. This gap in our comprehension of the human world is now filled by a brilliant new book from the pen of one of the most perceptive of our younger social scientists.

Morton Grodzins, a worthy bearer of a great tradition, is currently chairman of the Department of Political Science at the University of Chicago. His first book, *Americans Betrayed,* was a sensitive and shocking account of the forced evacuation of the Nisei from the West Coast during World War II. He was editor of the University of Chicago Press, 1951-1954, and previously dean of the Social Sciences Division, consultant to the Hoover Commission and free-lance journalist.

The Loyal and the Disloyal is a "depth" analysis of the psychic and social roots of the faiths men live by and sometimes reject, and a subtle and provocative attempt to explore the why and the how of these processes. The relevant concepts and data are drawn from the current literature of all the social sciences, evaluated in forty-four pages of notes. The method—that of generalization and hypothesis drawn from empirical evidence—is in the grand manner of Machiavelli, Aristotle and Plato. The style is wholly free of jargon. Lucid, witty and graceful, it is a model which all social scientists would do well to follow. The tone is that of a scholar who is also a philosopher and a passionate apostle of democracy, disposed to regard as sterile all scholarship that refuses to face controversial current issues.

Grodzins' argument is so suggestive and variegated as to make vain any curt summation. In skeletal form, it comes to this: since all men are social animals, all have loyalties. Modern loyalty to the nation-state as the encompassing symbol of identification with the group is a fusion of other loyalties to other groups. Victims of alienation readily prefer the lesser to the greater (or vice versa) and thus become "disloyal" to the nation. No one, being human, is ever disloyal to all possible objects of loyalty. The disloyalty of treason is loyalty to a cause other than that approved by most of one's fellows. The American dream of the melting pot and of constant climbing toward "success" involves successive disloyalties to the groups and classes left behind. "No person is a complete patriot or a complete traitor. All are traitriots. Just as all men have a little neurosis in them, so it is that all have a trace of the traitor."

Grodzins has much to say, of absorbing interest and contemporary value, regarding the differing qualities of loyalty and disloyalty in totalitarian and free societies. All liberals have long suspected that the current American mania for loyalty-security checks, clearances and purges is self-defeating. Grodzins shows why. The strength of democracy is diversity. Loyalty is the stronger for being qualified and shared among the many groups comprising the whole. Civic apathy and indifference, within limits, are not vices but virtues, since these attitudes preclude extremism, "soften the bitterness of political warfare" and reflect confidence in the polity as constituted. This paradox, among many others in these pages, suggests the seminal quality of this stimulating volume.

ONE could wish that Grodzins had explored more fully the "social boundaries" and prerequisites of the emergent trans-national loyalties whose further development is essential for the survival of our world society. One might wish that he had availed himself more generously of the findings of psychoanalysis and cultural anthropology. This book, nevertheless, will long endure as a masterpiece of social science, meriting the attention of all citizens concerned with the central dilemma of our century.

FREDERICK L. SCHUMAN, professor of government at Williams College, is author of International Politics, The Commonwealth of Man, Soviet Politics at Home and Abroad *and other books on current world affairs.*

On Knowing Nothing

Others have seen men die
Or heard a woman scream
One last word Never!
How do I know the horror
That breaks the dream,
Hateful yet clung-to
As the image hugs the mirror
With such a silver shiver
As chills and almost kills?

I know: but how or why
Out of this savory fatness I
Should suck the sure surmise
That strangles dying eyes
I do not know. What have I done
To bring the Angel round my head
That I can smell his pinion
—Bond or wing?—
Whom I must hate and love?

The surgeon's prick, a woman's thigh
Bring blank surcease
For short or long.
I cannot let the hollow
Interval alone,
But pick it like a scab
To probe the wound within—
As deep, as nothing, as the grave.

A. J. M. SMITH

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Portrait of A Mathematician

I AM A MATHEMATICIAN. By Norbert Wiener. Doubleday and Company. $5.

By James R. Newman

IT MAY NOW be accepted that Norbert Wiener was once a child and a prodigy. A full brief covering these matters was presented in the preceding installment of his autobiography, *Ex-Prodigy,* and the main points are recapitulated in this volume. If he had nothing more to talk about, *I Am a Mathematician* would be a tiresome book. But it is not a tiresome book. Professor Wiener has a many-sided mind. He is admirably independent and has wide sympathies. Despite severe handicaps of heredity, upbringing and physical constitution he has had a creative, and even a happy life.

Wiener has taught at M. I. T. since 1919, and now at the age of sixty he is still a very active member of the staff. This fortunate connection has given him financial security and, more important, has provided a scientific atmosphere congenial to his special capabilities. M. I. T. is primarily an engineering school and Wiener is primarily interested in the application of mathematics to physical problems. I would not wish this characterization of him or of the university to sound intellectually snobbish. The universe of M. I. T. is not confined to expert knowledge of engines, valves, reinforced concrete and circuits, and Wiener is no virtuoso on the slide rule. And if an engineer is a man who can put things together, Wiener fails on that score too. He speaks of himself as being so marvelously inept in the laboratory that one suspects he could be electrocuted trying to repair a doorbell. He is an engineer only in an exalted sense.

One of his principal researches has been in the field of harmonic analysis. All kinds of natural phenomena—molecular motions, heat radiations, electromagnetism, fluid flow, brain waves, atomic systems—can be studied as if they were quivering banjo strings. This is the approach of harmonic analysis, by means of which complicated motions are broken up into sums of simple oscillations. With great skill and imagination Wiener has extended the use of this powerful mathematical tool to an amazing range of problems. Moreover, the statistical point of view anticipated in his generalized harmonic analysis has been a fundamental element in his contributions to communication theory, cybernetics and automatic computers, and to an improved understanding, slowly being won, of the human nervous system.

Unfortunately, Wiener is not very adept at explaining for ordinary readers the mathematical and scientific theories underlying his work; he will begin an elucidation simply and clearly but evidently loses interest as he goes along and lapses into obscurities and jargon. He is apt to be impatient with non-prodigies. But no one can fail to appreciate his exceptional gift for using mathematics as a language, for *seeing* and even *feeling* the world in mathematical symbols and rhythms. Once when he lay in bed with pneumonia and high fever "it was impossible for me to distinguish among my pain and difficulty in breathing, the flapping of the window curtain, and certain as yet unresolved parts of the potential problem on which I was working. . . . When I reflected on this matter later, I became aware of the possibility that almost any experience may act as a temporary symbol for a mathematical situation which has not yet been organized and cleared up."

A large portion of this book describes the author's travels, his family life, his friendships and quarrels, his emotional difficulties, his social, political and cultural opinions. He was a pupil of Bertrand Russell and G. H. Hardy, lectured at Göttingen, at Cambridge and in India, and spent a year teaching mathematics and electrical engineering at Tsing-Hua University in China. In a continuing study of electrical brain waves he is joining efforts with Arturo Rosenblueth, a physiologist at the University of Mexico.

His prickly independence is exhibited in his resignation from the National Academy of Sciences. Having been elected to membership—the highest accolade for a scientist—he got out when he had satisfied himself that the organization was too frock-coat for his taste. A few Englishmen, among them that precious eccentric Augustus de Morgan, have shown the same kind of delightful independence toward their own honorific group, the Royal Society, but Wiener is to my knowledge the first American scientist to thumb his nose at the National Academy.

NOR IS his forthrightness confined merely to opposing pretentiousness and denouncing the "popes and cardinals" of science. His opinions, for example, on the young intellectuals who in the 1930's joined Communist-dominated organizations because there seemed to be no other way of advancing just causes, and who have since been destroyed for obeying their decent impulses, are distinguished for clear-headedness and moral strength. I call attention also to his views on the deadening effect on scientific creativeness of industrial research, too much money and the "team" approach to scientific problems. We may need more engineers, but whether or not we get them, the present day "feudal system of the intellect," is certain to transform many able young men into "intellectual lackeys and clock punchers."

Wiener has an easy, readable style whose pace is sometimes slowed by digressions and often enlivened by anecdotes. My favorites include the description of Wiener and his friend J. B. S. Haldane swimming in the Cam, Wiener with cigar and glasses, Haldane puffing on his pipe, the two looking like a long and a short walrus bobbing up and down in the stream. Also, I enjoyed the story of the famous French Jewish mathematician Hadamard who, during the most heated days of the Dreyfus affair, was being examined for his doctorate by the great Hermite. "M. Hadamard," said Hermite, opening the proceedings, "you are a traitor." The young man, terrified, mumbled something in confusion, and Hermite went on to say, "You have deserted geometry for analysis."

It is true that Wiener has a high opinion of his scientific achieve-

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ments. He has had a hand in many things, and he has entertained grand ideas, some of which others have not only entertained but have worked out. He is very and diversely learned—which, I believe, is the definition of a polymath—but he is not quite as prodigious as he sometimes would have you believe. In fact the most remarkable thing about him is that he has so successfully thrown off the awful shackles of prodigiousness that he can function both as a scientist and as a human being.

Conversations With a Ghost

THE SEARCH FOR BRIDEY MURPHY. By Morey Bernstein. Doubleday and Company. $3.75.

By David Cort

AN EAGER young Colorado business man discovers hypnosis. This leads to telepathy, then to clairvoyance. He hears of the experiments in extra-sensory perception. At each step he begins with a model skepticism, quickly passes on to reluctant belief and then indignation that the rest of the world does not believe too. Morey Bernstein is the perfect convert.

But what he calls The Big Step in his exhilarating three years is yet to come. He reads the books about the career of Edgar Cayce, the Kentucky farm boy who in his lifetime gave at long distance 30,000 more or less accurate diagnoses of unknown, unseen patients. The patient had only to be in a designated room at a given time for Cayce to be able to "see" him through and through. If he left the room too soon, Cayce knew it, a hundred miles away.

The explanation for his talent was given as the reincarnation of a dead monk in Cayce. One must suppose—though it is not stated—that the monk's disembodied spirit whipped to the scene, crawled inside the faraway patient's body, looked around and telegraphed his observations back to Cayce.

And so Morey Bernstein hypnotized a neighbor's wife, a young lady of Ulster-German descent. In trance, he took her back to the age of seven, five, three, one. Where next? Into the womb, to the language of amphibian and fish? Certainly not. Back to the year 1802 and a four-year-old Irish girl in Cork named Bridey Murphy—the previous incarnation of his subject's soul. The transcript of the trance conversations with Bridey Murphy, who died at sixty-six of a fall downstairs, are the body of this book.

THE pseudo-scientific pretensions of the book depend on footnotes, appendices and the claim that the subject hypnotized could not have known what Bridey Murphy knew. Item: that Plaz is an Ulster corruption of the popular Ulster-German Saint Blaise. Item: the legend of Cuchulain. Item: names of some unmapped Irish crossroads. But in fact, for a soul that spent sixty years in Ireland, Bridey Murphy recollects very little. The material sounds more like the kind of thing a child would hear from a Scotch-Irish aunt, which the subject has.

Obviously such hypnotized subjects as this who have also the latent talent to create a whole new personality are real hypnotic "finds." These are the kind of "liars" out of which Flauberts are made.

Taking the material at its own value, I have never understood why such phenomena as this are not ascribed to the almost equally revolutionary hypothesis of a genetic memory. Certainly the human mind is mysteriously and unpredictably powerful, and in rare cases these powers may be brought to the surface.

It is sheer bedlam to insist that a human being, already in some confusion with his heredity, environment, past forms and conditions in this life, and various conflicts, is also motivated by one or more dead people who have taken roost inside his head to find sanctuary from the spirit world.

DAVID CORT, formerly foreign editor of Life, *is the author of* The Big Picture *and other books.*

No Place for a Gentleman

THE GENTLEMAN AND THE TIGER. The Autobiography of George B. McClellan, Jr. Edited by Harold C. Syrett. J. B. Lippincott Company. $6.

By M. R. Werner

NEW YORK CITY'S mayor from 1904 to 1909, George B. McClellan, Jr., was the son of the Civil War general who was in bitter military and political controversy with Abraham Lincoln. The son was engaged in bitter controversies on a lower level. Growing up in genteel atmosphere and with some wealth to maintain his dignity, he chose the avenue of politics for his ambitions after an apprenticeship in New York journalism. He wrote this sad account of his disillusionments and left the manuscript to the New York Historical Society with the proviso that it was not to be published until after Mrs. McClellan's death. He himself died in 1942 and his widow in 1952. Professor Harold C. Syrett, of Columbia University, has ably edited a manuscript which consists of two-thirds of the original, the rest being considered of little interest either to the general reader or the specialized student.

There is plenty to interest the student of American politics in general and of New York City's Tammany politics in particular in this book. McClellan played the game, was obedient, first, to the orders of Richard Croker, Tammany's most powerful and ruthless boss, and then to those of his successor Charles F. Murphy, a more silent but equally corrupt man.

Croker let him go to Congress, which he loved, and Murphy drafted him to be mayor, which he was reluctant to become. By continuing to obey orders, more or less, he won a second term as mayor and then showed too much squeamish independence for Murphy's ego and prosperity. After Murphy got rid of him in 1909, McClellan was unable to earn a living as a lawyer because Tammany judges owned by Murphy blacklisted him. He became a professor of economic history at Princeton University, where he found the back-biting, the knifing and the ward politics just as disgusting as he had in City Hall, and his words about

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Woodrow Wilson both as president of Princeton and candidate for President of the United States are as scathing as those he uses about Charles F. Murphy.

One comes away from this account with the depressing feeling that it is the unconscious confession of a failure. McClellan, a realist, was willing to do too many of the things necessary in politics ever to become effective in government. He did not turn bitter, but he did turn caustic, and his comments on men of that era of cynical thrust for the main chance are enlightening as well as depressing. Unfortunately, McClellan in retirement from politics did not pay enough attention to accuracy, and his editor is compelled to correct him in footnotes many times in every chapter. Also unfortunately, he became an ardent admirer and writer in defense of Mussolini's brand of fascism. Perhaps his experiences in New York politics disillusioned him with democracy, though he never admits it in so many words.

McClellan came to the shopworn conclusion that when "the right men" get into politics, politics will improve, and like all such autobiographers he regarded himself as one of the right men.

Law in Their Own Hands

VIGILANTE JUSTICE. By Alan Valentine. Reynal and Company. $3.50.

By John W. Caughey

ALAN VALENTINE'S vigilantes are the men of the San Francisco committees of 1851 and 1856 who undertook to give the regular courts an object lesson in effective trial and punishment. The first committee was protesting a court that was inadequate; the second supplanted one that had become corrupt.

From page one through his next to the last paragraph Mr. Valentine concentrates on retelling this dramatic story. He gives it in much less detail than is available elsewhere, but he tells it briskly and in part by reproducing contemporary letters, news reports and editorials. He tells it from the vigilante viewpoint and with frank admiration for the decorum and restraint of the second committee.

On the background he makes some errors that shake confidence in his expertness. A more serious criticism is that the view is restricted. The contrast with the earlier popular tribunals in the mines, where a real governmental void existed, is not brought out. Nor is account taken of the widespread and long-lasting influence of the example of the San Francisco committees. One point will illustrate: He praises the second committee for disbanding permanently, but does not note that its chief, William T. Coleman, was a vigilante again in 1877. When labor unrest threatened the status quo, he headed the Pickhandle Brigade which, at the cost of a few lives, subdued the demonstrators.

By way of preface Valentine cites modern examples of shortcutting legal justice in vigilante-like fashion. He lists the Nuremberg trials, "Congressional inquisitions, legalized wire-tapping, lists of subversive organizations, guilt by association, character defamation by innuendo and pressures for conformity in the name of security."

This theme lies fallow throughout the book, but the concluding paragraph reasserts the doctrine that free men, sufficiently harassed, will assert the right of revolution. Wise leadership, Valentine asserts, can moderate such overruling of government, but only an alert and active citizenry can intercept the causes and thus prevent such outbursts. Here is one lesson that can be and has been drawn from the San Francisco story. It is a surprise conclusion after the tone of the narrative and considerably short of the evaluation that the preface seemed to forecast.

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SPRING BOOK ISSUE
April 14

The Ruins of Memory
by Josephine Herbst

Abstract Expressionism
by Gerald Sykes

Books On Psychology

JUNG'S PSYCHOLOGY AND ITS SOCIAL MEANING. By Ira Progoff. Grove. $1.25. A judicious clarification of the theories of one of the most adventurous and suggestive minds of our time. If the psychologists have, for the most part, shied off from studying Jung's parabolic speculations, Jung is not without responsibility—and this, the author admits. Freud's discoveries were based on a conventional philosophy and a conventional sociology. Jung constantly invites his readers into uncharted metaphysical realms. Therefore, his insights have often been neglected. He opened a great mine, brought great quantities of crude ore to the surface. The refining process is left to others—as in this volume.

THE DOCTOR AND THE SOUL. An Introduction to Logotherapy. By Viktor E. Frankl. Translated by Richard and Clara Winston. Knopf. $4. The author, a practicing psychiatrist in Vienna, develops a system of existentialist analysis that owes much to Jaspers and a little to

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Sartre. The book acknowledges that psychiatry has become a "medical ministry," a surrogate for the confessional and the "wise man and woman" of other cultures. Therefore, the author insists, problems of value and ethic must be confronted by both analyst and patient. The accent on intellect as the curative agent may make the theory of logotherapy dubious in cases of acute neurosis, since these usually fall below the threshold of mental control. But the book is another welcome instance of the present trend to substitute a conscious philosophy for the unconscious (and invalid) philosophical assumptions of the Freudians and Adlerians.

WALDO FRANK

Letter From Paris

Gerald Sykes

A PERIODIC communication on "cultural" activities abroad should begin, I think, with a brief weather report on recent changes in the French moral climate. American visitors almost invariably comment on the great difference between the atmosphere now and the atmosphere before, during or just after the war. Aside from their own loss of youth, which might account for most of their disillusionment—schoolboy ruefulness such as Fitzgerald expressed in 1931 in *Babylon Revisited*—there *are* some important new developments, and I shall try to single out one which I consider significant and try to indicate its effect on the arts.

It is this: the quiet French belief—perhaps unfounded, perhaps not—that France, despite its much-publicized division, its painful past defeats, its inevitable future disasters, will not only go on but will do better than anyone expects in the modern world to which it seems so badly maladjusted. There is a toughness and resiliency in its fabric that will stand up even against the worst storms that lie ahead. France is continuing a way of life that may appear tragically outdated to pragmatic or revolutionary eyes—and will certainly need drastic revision sooner or later—yet this way contains a subtle understanding of the true dynamics of existence, even technological existence, that is the best augury for national survival. According to such reasoning it is better, in a time of violent and unpredictable change, to have psychological roots than any other kind. Insofar as any national heritage can provide these, the French are the recipients of a hard-headed tradition that is by no means the handicap that most American tourists, straining at the gnat of poor sanitation or fumbling management or excessive individualism, consider it.

This is why there is now so little of the guilt that was so plainly in evidence here during and just after the war. It may be disconcerting to the kind of American who expects a personal note of thanks for the Marshall Plan every morning from his hotelkeeper, but the old self-denunciations are as scarce today as the girls who could be had for a pack of Luckies. The old self-denunciations have now been replaced, in an unfortunate type of person, by the new anti-Americanism, which is probably still more disgusting and certainly less justified.

A literary friend of mine said the other day, "In France when one is anti-American one risks nothing." There has been so much pressure, he said, on French intellectuals to identify the United States with every kind of bourgeois meanness, to transfer their own philistinism to Uncle Sam (in exactly the same way that some Americans transfer their own evil to "furriners"), that those with a stake in French public opinion—writers, artists, scientists, scholars—are now afraid to say anything that could be interpreted as mildly pro-American. They would immediately be denounced, perhaps marked for life, as "lackeys of Wall Street." A *rich* scapegoat is more satisfactory than any other kind to this xenophobic and bohemian terrorism, which has had more than one assist from our own government and our own citizenry.

But to get back to the Frenchman's new confidence in France's durability. He has seen many foreign people lately in apparent ascendancy, and on the whole he is not as impressed as he let himself be for a while. He has returned to his famous lazy, complacent insularity. God may be on the side with the most intercontinental guided missiles, but that is not sufficient reason for trying to behave like an American or a Russian. He couldn't compete with them anyway, and besides it's too much like hard work. There may also be hidden virtues in taking things slowly, in installing machines and typewriters in the Audit Office only after the last war, in announcing each banality as if it were worthy of Montaigne, in eating and drinking so much that one is obliged to talk continually of one's liver. What do these trifles matter beside the continuity of a great tradition and the most closely reasoned way of life in the West?

In the arts this soon leads to a museum curator's attitude, and a great many fuddy-duddies and worse are hiding behind it. No one could seriously claim that France, any more than any other country, is in the midst of an esthetic blossom time such as followed its defeat in 1870. On the other hand, here as elsewhere, if no groundswells are discernible, exceptional individuals go on doing exceptional work, however much inveterate handwringers mourn the aridity of the times and proclaim the futility of any artistic action at all. And since the "Hollow Man" reprise has been sung so often, so gloatingly, in so many languages by the "Waste Land" quartette, tribute should be paid such individuals.

Respect is especially due those Frenchmen who have avoided the besetting national sin of insularity. Having taught recently at the Salzburg Seminar in American Studies (one of the most encouraging of all our activities abroad, liberal in the best sense of the word, and without government ties) I can report that French students there, though not as used to international discussion as most of the representatives of thirteen other nations, are travelling more and reaching out more than ever before. This is part of an important new development, a reaction against provincialism, which is best symbolized perhaps by four excep-

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tional Frenchmen who have contributed notably to *rapprochement* with other lands: André Malraux, Henri Cartier-Bresson, Henri Michaux and Hubert Benoit.

American readers are already familiar with Malraux's superb *Psychology of Art* (Bollingen) and *Voices of Silence* (Doubleday). Now three volumes of *Le Musée Imaginaire* have appeared, and once more an extraordinary intelligence, which in his twenties was grappling with the problems of revolutionary China —*Man's Fate* (Modern Library)—has produced what may be the best art criticism of our century.

Cartier-Bresson's photographs of many countries, shown recently in a wing of the Louvre, demonstrated how *un*-insular this far-travelling Frenchman is. Indeed, it is possible that his globe-trotting has spread his amazing gift a little thin and that he follows the headlines too much. But here is real world citizenship.

Michaux's *A Barbarian in Asia* (New Directions), which may be the best book by an Occidental about the Orient, came to mind lately when I saw his bookshop exhibition of paintings and drawings done under the influence of mescaline. He is not primarily a painter, and these drugged works lack the tension of earlier ones, but any reminder of his literary masterpiece is welcome.

Benoit is a psychiatrist whose recent book *The Supreme Doctrine* (Pantheon) is a study of Zen (Japanese) Buddhism and obliquely a profound critique of the works of Freud and Jung. Sooner or later every serious psychologist will have to read this radical attempt to give the West a new psychological norm.

Other names might be added to these four. The best things in France are not on page one. This country is somewhat like a huge lichenous boulder which refuses to be dislodged—or even washed—by the rushing torrent of the twentieth century. Slugs hide under it, and navigation is menaced, but if you are not possessed by the demon of practicality you can still find much that is more than merely nostalgic.

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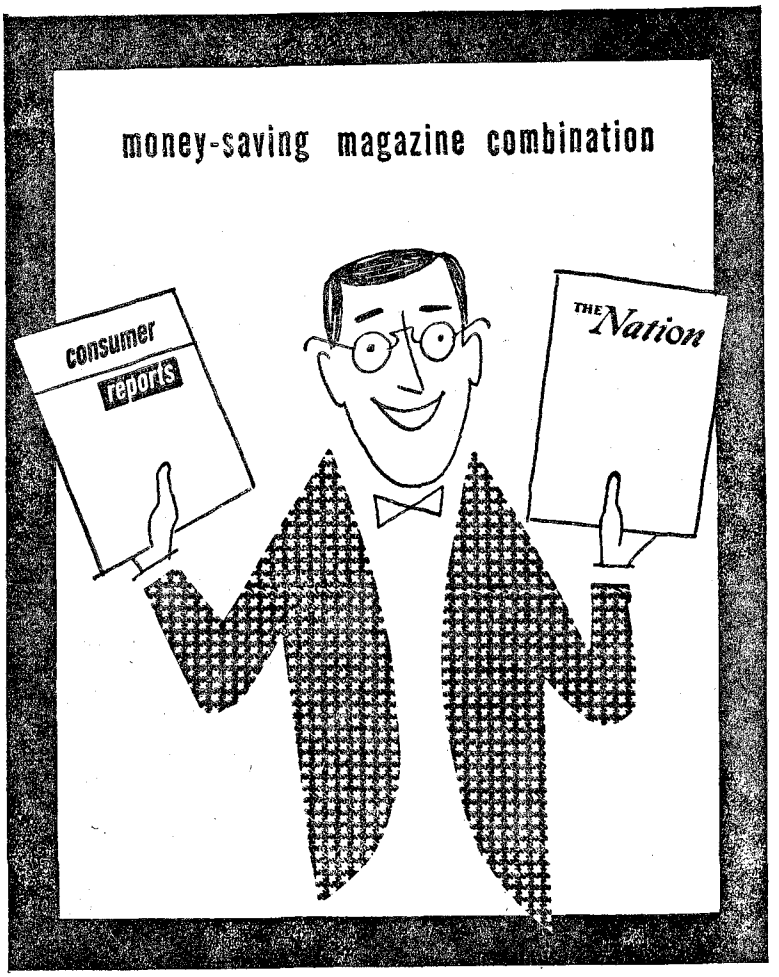

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Films

Robert Hatch

IT HAS often been said that if the corporate state comes to America it will be in a form so American that we may have some difficulty recognizing it. *Patterns,* a movie made from one of television's most successful dramas, suggests the shape that native totalitarianism might take.

That is by no means the intent of the picture. *Patterns* is another reverent exploration into the currently-fashionable romance world of big business. Its main setting is the tower of a Wall Street office building where Everett Sloane, president of a corporation whose business is swallowing other businesses to improve their efficiency, rules with the firm hand of terror. The carpets are thick in this fortress tower and the chandeliers cast a rich light. Each executive office is period decorated and each executive's secretary spends more with her hairdresser than the run of secretaries can afford for rent. These chambers provoke an intoxication of impersonal power.

The particular target of the president's gloved fist is a senior vice-president (Ed Begley) who, raised in the gentler era, has never been able to grasp the principles of human engineering. The old man finds a champion in an athletic newcomer (Van Johnson), brought in from somewhere west of the Hudson to replace him. It would seem wise that the old man should retire (surely firms of stature have pension schemes for just this situation), but he himself passionately rejects the suggestion and certainly it is no part of the president's scheme to shelve him. The baiting and taunting continue, the old man's nerves pull tighter and tighter; one day, during a screaming session in the board room, he starts from his chair, clutches his chest and dies.

The young man from the West, horrified, frightened, angered by guilt, marches on the president with clenched hands and spits a resignation at him. But then at last this friendless, taciturn, violent man speaks what is in his soul. We few, he says, who sit in these offices do not own the firm. We are its custodians and we shape its destiny as long, and only as long, as we are the strongest. Others have been before us, others will come after; only the corporation endures and the corporation alone is what matters. Do not resign—that is the easy, the faithless way. You hate me; you would like to kill me? Stay here and hate, stay and try to kill. Use every wile and strength you have, as I will use all I have against you. Let us resolve to be deadly enemies, to kill each other for the glory of the firm. And the young man at last understands. A light of dedication comes into his eyes and he turns from the encounter with his shoulders back and his stride the march of a crusader. Instead of the total state, we are offered the total firm—a concept too American, apparently, to be called un-American.

IN THE simple days before the war a really major example of Hollywood recklessness was advertised as a "million-dollar production." But the dollar is not what it once was and TV spectaculars have terribly numbed the public's response to the glamor of ill-spent money. So *The Conqueror,* Dick Powell's "biggest production ever" for Howard Hughes and RKO, cost six million dollars. For this the parties concerned got a sub-standard horse opera featuring John Wayne as Genghis Kahn, Susan Hayward as his hot but reluctant bride and almost all of Utah beyond the municipal limits of Salt Lake City as the Gobi Desert. History has not been well served and neither has the popcorn public. A good hoofbeat and bloody dagger show is a social benefit; it tones up the system and relaxes present cares. But this *Conqueror* drags through the motions of excitement, and loses itself in contemplation of its own budget.

DOCTOR AT SEA, from England, is a sequel to *Doctor in the House.* It demonstrates the axiom that sequels—particularly farce sequels—are vulnerable to the law of diminishing returns. And *Doctor in the House* was no masterpiece of tomfoolery.

TV Forecast

March 25 through 30

(See local papers for time and channel)

For the present, Anne Langman's television department will appear in alternate issues. But every week she will offer a listing of forthcoming shows. The listings will include programs that promise to be interesting as phenomena as well as those selected for their intrinsic merit.

Sunday, March 25

PUBLIC DEBATE (CBS TV and radio). A debate between Leonard Hall, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Paul Butler, chairman of the Democratic National Committee; Walter Cronkhite, moderator. This is part of the 10th Annual Philadelphia Bulletin Forum and will originate from Congress Hall.

FREEDOM TO READ (ABC). The Very Reverend James A. Pike, Dean of St. John the Divine, Diocese of New York, will conduct an information discussion on censorship with Don Lacey, executive director of the American Book Council.

OMNIBUS (CBS). A live telecast from Harvard University will examine the role of the modern university-college. Dr. Pusey and members of his faculty will guide the program through the university's various schools—law, medicine, divinity, business.

COLLEGE PRESS CONFERENCE (ABC). Senator Clifford Case (Republican, New Jersey) interviewed by students.

PALM SUNDAY CATHOLIC MASS (NBC). Telecast from the Basilica of Our Lady of Perpetual Health, Boston.

Tuesday, March 27

UNDISCOVERED COUNTRY (NBC; Playwrights '56). An original play by J. P. Miller about a man who is searching for something good to say about someone, somewhere. Cyril Ritchard and Nina Foch star in this continuation of an interesting dramatic series.

Wednesday, March 28

THE THIRTY-YEAR MAN (CBS; U. S. Steel Hour). Pat O'Brien heads the cast (Jocelyn Brando is the only woman) in this play about a career soldier.

Friday, March 30

THE SHROUD OF TURIN (ABC). A "documentary" discussing the authenticity of the cloth which has been claimed for centuries to be Christ's shroud and to bear shadowy markings of his body.

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Music

B. H. Haggin

AT A Boston Symphony concert in 1930, after a performance of the *Ode* that Aaron Copland wrote for the orchestra's fiftieth anniversary, I was amused to hear a sweet old Jewish woman exclaim: "And when we do get a Jewish composer he shames his race!" If she was in the audience to hear his revision of the piece for the orchestra's seventy-fifth anniversary when it was played in New York recently I would guess that she felt no happier about it. For it is still an unattractive and inaccessible work in the angular and harsh idiom that Copland has continued to use in instrumental music at the same time as he has used a simpler and attractive idiom in his engaging and often lovely scores for stage and films.

This writing of music in two different styles has been paralleled by Copland's two different lines of thought about the music. On the one hand he has—for example in his book *Our New Music*—attacked the idea that modern music is emotionally arid, over-complicated and ugly, and has described and explained the changes in expressive content and the extensions of vocabulary in the music in order that we might hear in it *our* music, as natural and acceptable to our ears, as interesting and significant to our minds, as people a hundred and two hundred years ago found *their* music. But *Our New Music* was published in 1941, three years after *Billy the Kid,* the first of the ballet and film scores which Arthur Berger, in his book on Copland, tells us represented Copland's decision not to go on writing only esoteric music for a small special public, but to write simpler, accessible music that would interest the general music public. Berger quotes Copland's own statements to this effect—statements which imply his recognition that music like von Webern's in Europe or his own *Ode* here was *not* as natural and acceptable to our ears, as interesting to our minds, as people a hundred years ago found their music.

At the first performances of its spring season the New York City Ballet has exhibited its clear, beautiful and brilliant dancing, and has presented the first of three new works, Balanchine's *Allegro Brillante,* a setting of the one completed movement of Tchaikovsky's Piano Concerto No. 3. This piece, composed in the last year of Tchaikovsky's life, begins magnificently and excitingly with some of his most arresting ideas, and continues with effective writing to the end of the exposition, but becomes aimless and diffuse in the development. And it is interesting that in Balanchine's piece, another of his recent "concentrated essays in . . . extended classic vocabulary," it is the beginning, too—the placing of the dancers on the stage, the establishing of the style of their dancing—that is most impressive. After that what is interesting is the resourceful ingenuity that keeps things going with coherence even to music which is diffuse and aimless, and that makes beautiful use of the individual capacities of the dancers—in particular Tallchief's capacity for movement of marvelous delicacy in quiet.

I must add that this is a capacity which Tallchief shows off with the same disregard for momentary fitness as other dancers betray in their more spectacular exhibitionism. The finale of *Swan Lake* begins with agitated movements of the corps, which are interrupted by Tallchief's demonstration of her delicacy in quiet in a progression diagonally across the stage. This is as unsuitable here—though not as destructive and absurd—as the great smiling hello to the audience, instead of to his companions on the stage, with which Eglevsky makes his first entrance in that ballet.

UNABLE to attend one of the early performances of the Metropolitan's new production of *The Magic Flute,* I listened to the Saturday afternoon broadcast, and was struck immediately, during the overture, by the lack of lightness, grace, vivacity and brilliance that I continued to be aware of in the work as it was paced and shaped by Bruno Walter—notably in Pamina's *Ach, ich fuehl's* and the trio *Soll ich dich, Teurer, nicht mehr sehen,* which plodded on soggily in tempos that would never have led anyone to suspect Mozart's direction of Andante. Next I was struck by the inadequacy of much of the singing: after the beautiful and suitably youthful voices of the Tamino and Pamina in the recent NBC-televised *Magic Flute* it was disturbing to hear the voices of Brian Sullivan and Lucine Amara, which were neither youthful nor even beautiful; though Roberta Peters produced brilliantly crystalline notes in the Queen of the Night's high florid passages, her voice was unattractively rough and edged in the melodic passages of the Queen's first-act aria. But Theodor Uppman (Papageno), Laurel Hurley (Papagena), Jerome Hines (Sarastro) and George

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London (First Priest) sang well. Finally the English translation: even at the close range of radio most of the Martins' words in the arias and ensembles couldn't be understood; and the spoken dialogue that could be understood was flat and tasteless after the literary distinction, charm and wit of the Auden-Kallman words in the televised performance.

Letters

Israel Crisis

Dear Sirs: Harold Greer, in his article, Eden Visits Washington, in your issue of February 11, 1956, purports to write as a liberal. Yet his outlook on the Israel-Arab relationship is no different than that of the British Foreign Office or that of our State Department. This is manifested in his last two sentences: "The immediate problem is to stop the violations and let things simmer down without entrenching Israel's claim to the territory it now holds. If the military factor can be removed, a settlement on the basis of acceptance by the Arab world of the fact of Israel and of fairly substantial territory concessions by Israel may be possible."

How much concession can be expected of Israel with its 8,000 square miles in an area of 57,000,000 square miles held by Arabs? Why should Israel be expected to be on the giving end in all discussions; to cede land after it had defeated its aggressors and after an armistice was signed by them? HYMAN MORRISON
Boston, Mass.

Dear Sirs: Many observers of the Israel-Arab scene talk about the necessity, as does Mr. Greer, of an acceptance by the Arab world of the fact of Israel and they continue to recommend "fairly substantial territorial concessions by Israel." There is an incompatibility in these two simultaneous recommendations which can be illustrated by the use of a little simple arithmetic. The "fact" of Israel, geographically speaking, is approximately 7,800 square miles (about the area of New Jersey). The approximate size of Egypt is 386,000 square miles, while the Hashemite Kingdom of Jordan has approximately 37,500 square miles. If one defines "substantial territorial concessions" as a 5 per cent reduction in area, Israel would be left with an area of about 7,410 square miles. A "substantial reduction" in Israel's tiny area would certainly result in a substantial reduction of the "fact" of Israel in the eyes of Nasser and his newly-found friends in the Kremlin. The fact of Israel would register fully on Nasser and his friends if Mr. Dulles were to advocate vigorously and publicly rushing defensive arms to Israel without delay—and only then, I think. Finally, what can a 7,410-square-mile Israel settle that a 7,800-square-mile-Israel cannot? WILLIAM BENDER
Vermillion, S. Dak.

Mr. Greer's Reply

Dear Sirs: I find nothing incompatible in suggesting that settlements are usually reached by concessions by opposing sides. Dr. Bender says the specific concessions in this issue—acceptance by the Arabs of the fact of Israel and surrender by Israel of significant territory—are geographically incompatible. But there is no agreed-to geographic definition of "Israel." There is at best a piece of real estate, parts of which Israel conquered during the Palestine war—a war Israel did not start—and it therefore does not feel bound to return this territory to aggressors. Much of this real estate is identified by armistice lines rather than boundaries, and efforts to convert the 1949 armistice agreement into a peace treaty have so far not been successful.

By acceptance of the fact of Israel I meant rather that the Arabs must reconcile themselves to the fact of the existence of Israel as a state, and particularly as a Zionist state. It is true that any diminution of the territory Israel now holds would probably be heralded in the Arab world as a great victory. But the Arab leaders thus far have been seeking the emasculation and erosion of Israel statehood by insisting upon the 1947 partition plan and by seeking to have the expelled refugees returned to Israel.

By "fairly substantial territorial concessions" on Israel's part, I meant something more than the frontier modifications which Israeli leaders have indicated a willingness to negotiate. This is undoubtedly the most difficult aspect of the matter. No victim of aggression wants to give up ground it has won from its aggressors. However, the same problem in essence had to be faced in Korea in the interests of peace, and unofficial reports from Israel have indicated the Israeli government is prepared to negotiate on the point at a peace conference.
HAROLD GREER
Washington, D. C.

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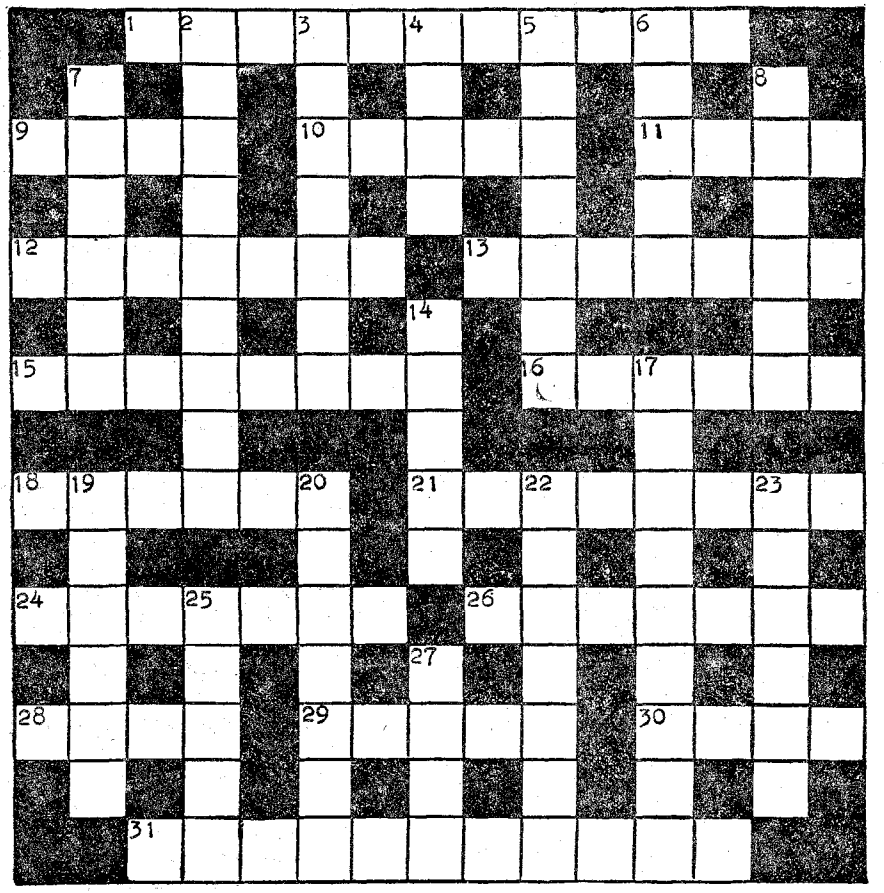
Crossword Puzzle No. 664

BY FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Styles might be portrayed if you do! (11)
9 See 11 across
10 and 14 down A clarinetist might, when he goes from B-flat to A. (5,5)
11 and 9 across Evidently the cigarettes grew stale, long after they were. (8)
12 Farmery, perhaps. (7)
13 A lost cause to be wrong, that is about separate. (7)
15 Letter-men who seem to have a capacity at one combination. (8)
16 Not quite so dry as to keep things soft. (6)
18 Not all who are hung are necessarily this (6)
21 Not able to make a buck around it, but good for a drink! (8)
24 A famous harpist waited for him to be 3 and 31. (7)
26 A good institution might be—well, very loud instead, sort of. (7)
28 Not quite all there. (4)
29 Made up out of tuille, gorget, tasse, cuisse, etc. (5)
30 Has to be filled by 14 to be very effective. (4)
31 See 3 down

DOWN

2 Sometimes followed in the air as a matter of course. (5,4)
2 and 31 across You should be able to rock someone here! (6,1,6,5)
4 The solver almost certainly can, but 16 is extremely backward this way. (4)
5 Put on in the past . . . (7)
6 . . . and put out. (5)
7 This animal has trouble, even though in first-class shape. (6)
8 Tom, when she is about, might create damage. (6)
14 See 10 across
17 Such a declaration makes some faint. (9)
19 Fixed, unless up this. (6)
20 25 takes little notice with a sort of this, as you might at the end of a line. (7)
22 The complaint of a sailor in a ruined arch. (7)
23 Look at the top of the can—you can't see through it! (6)
25 Motionless interchange? (5)
27 The politician in the middle of 16 is about to make them, but they're probably not very good. (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE 663

ACROSS: 1 LIKE BEGETS LIKE; 8 FRENCH CURVES; 10 WATCH TOWER; 11 and 21 PEERLESS; 13 TAMING; 14 ALTO HORN; 16 FINGERED; 17 PUDDLE; 19 TOAD; 20 COVER-POINT; 22 SEMI-CIRCULAR; 23 HOUSEMAID'S KNEE. DOWN: 1 LIFE WITH FATHER; 2 KLEPTOMANIAC; 3 BACKHANDED; 4 GECKOS; 5 TARHEELS; 6 LEER; 7 LAURENCE STERNE; 9 SECOND VIOLIN; 12 HOCUS-POCUS; 15 DEMONISM; 18 GEMINI.

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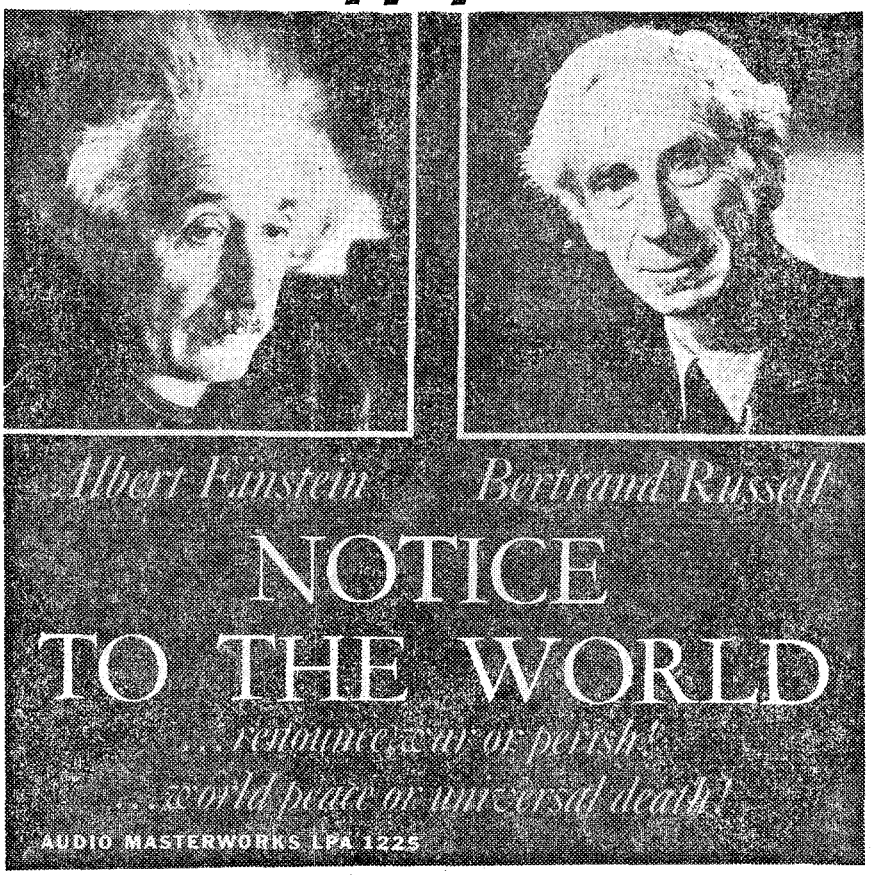

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